

When Our Shell Fire Pours the Hell Fire into Pots-damn

PATRIOTIC THRILLER



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LADNORG
Music by
MAETZOLD

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When Our Shell Fire Pours the Hell Fire Into Pots-damn.

S. N. LADNORG.

E. F. MAETZOLD.

Marcia.

f

Vamp.

p

1. My sweet-heart, you are wait-ing, and al-though your let-ters cheer, I know your heart is
 2. The Hun has set the pace but we shall beat him at his game, We'll drive the ty-rants'

ach-ing and your soul is full of fear; I al-so know your cour-age, And you
 le-gions back in-to their land of shame, We'll give them their own med-i-cine; They'll

sure-ly want me here, Till our shell-fire pours the hell-fire in-to Pots-damn.
 rue the day we came, When our shell-fire pours the hell-fire in-to Pots-damn.

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CHORUS

p f

Oh! when we win the vic - to - ry, what glo - ry that will be, When

all the world, de - liv - ered from the ty - rant, shall be free; You'll

know I soon shall greet you with the kiss of lib - er - ty, When our

shell - fire pours the hell - fire in - to Pots - damn.

When Our Shell Fire Pours the Hell Fire Into Pots-damn. 2.

"I COME AT THY CALL—"



America My Country

THE NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM

America, My Country

By Jens K. Gronlund

AMERICA, my country, I come at thy call;
I plight thee my troth and I give thee my all:
In peace or in war I am wed to thy weal—
I'll carry thy flag thru the fire and the steel.
Unscathed it beats o'er our peace-loving race,
On sea and on land shall it suffer disgrace;
In no hence I kneel at sweet liberty's shrine
America, my country, command, I am thine!

America, my country, brave souls gave thee birth—
They yearned for a haven of freedom on earth:
And when thy proud flag to the winds was unfurled,
There came to thy shores the oppressed of the world.
Thy milk and thy honey flow freely for all—
Who takes of thy bounty shall come at thy call:
Who guads of thy nectar of freedom shall say:
America, my country, command, I obey!

America, my country, now come is thy hour—
The Lord of hosts counts on thy courage and power:
Humanity pleads for the strength of thy hand,
Lest liberty perish on sea and on land.
Thou guardian of freedom, thou keeper of right,
When liberty bleeds we may trust in thy might,
Divine right of kings or our freedom must fall—
America, my country, I come at thy call!

Chorus: America, my country, I answer thy call,
That freedom may live and that tyrants may fall;
I vow thee my all and my all will I give—
I do and I die that America may live.

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"America My Country" retails at 30 cents. Dealers can obtain copies from their jobbers at regular wholesale prices. If your jobber or dealer cannot supply you, address

RED WING PRINTING CO., Red Wing, Minn.

The Remarkable Story of "America My Country."

The New National Anthem—"America, My Country" is the greatest song poem of the war. It has been hailed as the New National Anthem. At the tensest moment in American history, just before the roll call on the declaration of war against Germany, April 6, 1917, Congressman Isaac Siegel of New York concluded his patriotic address with the poem. The applause and admiration it received on this most historic occasion started it on its way to nation wide service—and to service among our soldiers in France—to help "make the world safe for democracy." Thousands of letters have been received commending it in highest terms. Men have enlisted after reading it or hearing it sung or played. Five states have already adopted it for their public schools, three other states have recommended it to their teachers. Other states are negotiating for its use. Thousands of colleges, churches and lodges are using it. No patriotic meeting is complete without it. The National Editorial Association and the Minnesota Editorial Association have accorded it unusual distinction. The National Council of Women has designated it for Community Singing. For originality and power of words and music it is in a class with the Marseillaise Hymn. Read it, sing it, play it, and see if it is not the greatest literary and musical achievement in its class since the Civil War. Its use in medley or dance music is prohibited by the publishers.

The National Printer Journalist, July, 1918: "Most of the sessions of the national convention were opened with the singing of 'America, My Country.'"

Sunday School Journal, July, 1918:—"America, My Country" has been accorded wide recognition as a national hymn."